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THE

SCOTCH HAGGIS;

A SELECTION OF

CHOICE BON MOTS,

IRISH BLUNDERS, REPARTEES, ANECDOTES, &c.

Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt,
While every laugh so merry draws one out.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

ANECDOTES.

ENGLISHMAN AND HIGH

An English vessel passing
in with a Highland sloop
ach the captain of the former
usual salutation of "sloop
llowing conversation took

CAPTAIN. What's your
HIGHLANDER. Pen
Where are yo
Potatoes.
What's your
Proomsla
Where do
Yes;

ENGLISHMAN AND HIGHLANDMAN.

An English vessel passing up the Clyde, fell in with a Highland Sloop coming down, which the captain of the former hailed with the usual salutation of "Sloop ahoy!" when the following conversation took place:---

Captain. What's your cargo?
Highlander. Penlomon.
Cap. Where are you bound for?
High. Potatoes.
Cap. What's your Captain's name?
High. Proomala.
Cap. Where do you come from?
High. Yes; it's a fine poat.
Cap. Will you take us on board?
High. Yesterday.

DUKE OF BUCCLEUGH.

Henry, Duke of Buccleugh, was greatly beloved by his numerous tenantry. One of them yclept Jamie Howie, had a son about four ears of age, who having heard much of a great Duke of Buccleugh, was very anxious to see him. Honest Jamie, in a few days, being honoured with a visit from the

Duke, dolled his bonnet, made a profound reverential bow, and said, "O, my lord, ye maunna be angry wi' me, but it's a Heeven's truth, my lord, there's a daft wee callant o' mine that canna rest nor let ithers rest nicht nor day, he has ta'en in his head sic a notion o' seein' what like you are, gude sake, my lord; I dinna think he has ony yedeea ye are a man at a', but some far-awa, outlandish, ower-the-sea creature." The Duke, mightily tickled with this fancy, desired Jamie to bring the youngster into his presence forthwith. Out comes the juvenile inquisiter with his finger in his mouth, and cautiously reconnoitres the personage before him. At last quoth the urchin, "Can ye soom?" "No, my little fellow," replied his Grace, "I canna soom." "Can ye flee?" No, I canna flee." "Well, man, for as muckle's ye're, I wadna gi'e ane o' ma fayther's dukes for ye; for they can baith soom an' flee!"

PARAGRAPH ON PARRITCH.

Once upon a time, a worthy tradesman who had his "wonn" in a certain populous city "i' the wast," was in the habbit of nightly indulging a predilection for a comfortable lounge in an auction-room, where he managed to procure a fund of ease and amusement sufficient to dissipate the effects

of the dry details of the day. On one occasion, while paying a tribute of more than ordinary attention to a string of elaborate eulogia on the merits of some article of sale, delivered by the eloquent lips of him of the hammer, his ears were suddenly assailed by the well-known voice of his son, a boy of five years of age, who had been charged with a message of special importance from the guidwife, to the frequenter of the nocturnal howff. "Faythe r!" vociferated the unceremonious rascal, "yer parritch is ready!" Honest Thomas looked certain "unutterable things," as the eyes of a hundred individuals were simultaneously directed first to the quarter whence the salute proceeded, and then to the subject of the address. He cleared the mob in one step---bolted from the threshold in another, and finished a third with a smart application of a weighty tacketted shoe to the astonished retreater's seat of honour, while he grinned out, "Ye deevil's Jawcobeet! the next time ye come wi' sic an eerand, say a Gentleman's waitin' on me." An opportunity soon occurred for a display of the urchin's new-acquired politesse;---two evenings afterwards he was observed popping in his antiquated phiz, and magnanimously bawling the intelligence regarding the gentleman in waiting. He was answered with a complaisant "Vera

weel," and a promise of immediate attendance. A new turn in the business of the lounge, banished the circumstance from the father's recollection---the boy returned in breathless haste to repeat the requisition, which he did in a clearer, louder, and more anxious tone than ever---true, withal, to the late hint on etiquette---Fayther! If ye dinna come quick, the Gentleman 'll be quite cauld!

A GOOD WIFE

Should be like three things; which three things she should not be like.

First.---She should be like a snail, always keep within her house:---but she should not be like a snail, to carry all she has upon her back.

Secondly.---She should be like an echo, speak when she is spoken to:---but she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word.

Thirdly.---She should be like a town-clock, always keep time and regularity:---but she should not be like a town-clock, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her.

A WEATHER-MASTER.

An Irish pastor, when applied to by one of his flock for a shower of rain, said he

should be happy to oblige him, but he had several previous applications for dry weather; and as it would be impossible for him to disoblige any of his congregation, he was under the necessity of declining to interfere.

EPITAPH ON GABRIEL JOHN.

Here lies the body of Gabriel John
Who died in the year 1001.
Pray for the soul of Gabriel John;
You may, if you please,
Or let it alone;
For it's all one
To Gabriel John,
Who died in the year 1001.

A POWERFUL PREACHER.

"Ah, Sir!" exclaimed the elder in the tone of pathetic recollection,---"our late minister was the man! He was a poorfu' preacher; for i' the short time he delivered the word amang us, he knock'd three pupits to pieces, and dang the guts out o' five Bibles."

EPITAPH.

I, Sir John Trollop,
Made these stones roll up;
When God shall take my soul up,
My body shall fill this hole up.

ENTRIES OF THE NAMES OF CUSTOMERS.

THE following entries of the names of customers were found in the books of a grocer, in a neighbouring city, on his insolvency:—"Woman on the Key. Jew Woman. Coal Woman. Old Coal Woman. Fat Coal Woman. Market Woman. Pale Woman. A Man. Old Woman. Little Milk Girl. Candle Man. Stable Man. Coachman. Big Woman. Lame Woman. Quiet Woman. (!!!) Egg Man. Little Black Girl. Old Watchman. Shoemaker. Little Shoemaker. Short Shoemaker. Old Shoemaker. Little Girl. Jew Man. Mrs in the Cart. Old Irishwoman. Woman in Corn-street. A Lad. Man in the Country. Long Sal. Woman with Long Sal. Mrs Irishwoman. Mrs Featherbonnet. Blue Bonnet. Green bonnet. Green Coat. Blue Breeches. Big Breeches. The Woman that was married. The Woman that told me of the man.

THE MINISTER AND HIS THREE SONS.

JOLLY dame who kept the principal carvansary at Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, had the honour to receive under her roof a very worthy clergyman, with three sons of the same profession, each having a cure of souls; be it said, in passing, none of the reverend

laity were reckoned powerful in the pulpit. After dinner, the worthy senior, in the pride of his heart, asked Mrs Buchan whether she ever had such a party in her house before. "Here sit I," said he, "a placed minister of the kirk of Scotland, and here sit my three sons, each a placed minister of the same kirk.---Confess, Luckie Buchan, you never had such a party in your house before." The question was not premised by any invitation to sit down and take a glass of wine or the like, so Mrs B. answered dryly, "Indeed sir, I cannot just say that ever I had such a party in my house before, except once in the forty-five, when I had a Highland piper here, with his three sons, all Highland pipers; and de'il a spring they could play amang them.

MATRIMONY.

One of the towns' officers of Ayr, was struck severly by accident on the head by his wife.---After the fray was adjusted, the the wife said to her husband, H------, had I killed you, and I been hanged for it, would you marry Kate M'Lauchlan.

ARABIAN PROVERB.

Let him that would be safe avoid seven things:---wasps, spiders, hyænas, crocodiles, effs, adders, and fine women!

THE WICKEDEST MAN.

A clergyman, who wished to know whether the children of the parishoners understood their bibles, asked a lad that he one day found reading the Old Testament, who was the wickedest man? Moses, to be sure, said the boy.---Moses, exclaimed the parson, how can that be? Why, said the lad, because he broke all the commandments at once!

NOT LOST BUT DROWNED.

A Leith merchant being on his usual ride to the south, came to the ford of a dark river, at the side of which a boy was diverting himself. The traveller addressed him as follows: ---" Is this water deep?" "Ay, gaen deep," answered the boy. " Is there ever any person lost here?" "No," replied the boy, " there was never any lost; there has been some drowned, but we aye get them again."

THE RED NOSE.

A West Indian, who had a remarkably fiery nose, having fallen asleep in his chair, a negro boy who was in waiting, observed a musquitto hovering round his face. Quasi eyed the insect very attentively, at last he saw him alight on his master's nose, and immediately fly off. "Ah! d------n your

heart,' exclaimed the negro, 'me d------n glad see you burn your foot.'

THE DEVIL DEFINED.

The Reverend Mr Shirra, burger minister in Kirkcaldy, once gave the following curious defination of the Devil :---"The Devil, my brethern, is ill ony way ye'll tak him. Tak the D from his name, he's evil; tak the E from his name, he's vil; tak the V from his name he's il." Then, shrugging up his shoulders, and lengthening his sanctified snout, he said, with peculiar emphasis, "he's naething but an il, vil, evil, Devil, ony way ye'll tak him!"

MARK ME WELL.

A gentleman having missed his way, fortunately overtook a boy going with a pot of tar to mark his master's sheep, asked the road to Banff, but was directed by so many turnings, right and left, that he agreed to take the boy behind him on the horse, as he was going near to the same place. Finding the boy pert and docile, he gave him some wholesome advice relative to his future conduct, adding occasionally, "Mark me well, my boy."--"Yes, Sir, I do." He repeated the injunction so often, that the boy at last cried out, "Sir, I have no more tar!"

SCOTTISH ATMOSPHERE.

An English Gentleman on a tour through Scotland, was unfortunately accompanied by wet weather most of the time. When he set out from Glasgow to Greenock, the morning was very fine; however, before he had proceeded half way, he was overtaken by a heavy shower; "Boy," (says he to a little fellow herding near the road side) "does it always rain in this country?" "Na," replied the boy, "it sometimes snaws."

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

A master tailor in Glasgow, lately reading the News-papers to his family, and when expressing the title, Liberty of the Press in France, one of his daughters interrupted him, by asking what the Liberty of the Press meaned? "I'll soon answer that question," said he; "you know when your mother goes out, and leaves the key in the cupboard door, where the bread, butter, and sugar lies, then you have access:—That's the Liberty o' the Press.

RESTLESS HAGGIS.

Daft Will Callender, lived with his sister Babie, in Port Glasgow: Babie kept a

lodging house for Sailors. On Saturday night Babie was making a Haggis, for Sunday's dinner, when one of her lodger's put four ounce of quicksilver into the Haggis, unknown to Babie. On Sunday, Will was left at home to cook the dinner; but when the pot began to boil, the Haggis would be out of the pot; Will faithful to his charges held the lid on the pot until his patience was exhausted---at last Will ran off to the church for Babie; she sat on one of the back pews; Will beckoned to her two or three times, Babie as often nodded and winked to Will to be quiet; at last he bawled out, "Babie come hame, for I believe the deil's got into the Haggis, it'll no bide in the pat, it's out dancing on the floor, and if I had not locked the door, I think it would have been at the kirk as soon's mysel."

THE KELLOCHSYDE GRACE.

The following is preserved traditionally as the grace of the farmer of Kellochsyde or Killocsyde, in Clydesdale:---O Lord, we'r ay gangan, and we'r ay gettan. We soud ay be cuman to thee, but we'r ay forgettan. We leive in the gude mailen o' Kellochsyde, suppan thy gude peisie kale, puir sinfou sons of------that we are. Monie mercies we receive, gude trowth: and we'r little thankfou

for them, gude feth. Janet, rax by the spunes; and aw praise and glory sall be thine. Amen.

PATRIMONY AND MATRIMONY

At an examination of a school in Edinburgh, a gentleman asked one of the scholars by what name they called property that descended from a father? "Patrimony," answered the scholar: and what do you call it, when descended from a mother? "Matrimony," was the reply.

THE LIGHT GUINEA.

An Irishman one day walking on the streets of Glasgow, found a light guinea, and got 18s for it; next day he was walking and sees another, Allelieu dear honey, says he, I'll have nothing to do with you, for I lost 3s by your brother yesterday.

ELDER'S HOURS.

A cunning carle, invested with the cemi-sacred office of "Ruling Elder," or practically seemingly indentified with that office, in order to gratify an inclination, scratched, wi' the neb o' a fork, the figure 10, on the one side of his outer door, and the figure 11, on the other. By which plan he was able

to say wi' "a good conscience," at a' times. and on a' occasions, that he came ay hame atween ten and eleven.

THE THISTLE.

A few Scotch and English travellers being met together, an Englishman took it upon him to run down the Thistle, exclaimed against the empty boast of its motto; "Nemo me impune lacesset;" when a Scotchman present observed, "The Thistle, sir, is the pride of the Scottish nation, but it is nothing in the mouth of an Ass."

SAGE INSTRUCTIONS.

A labouring Highlandman, who lived in the upper parts of Perthshire, whose wife was taken in labour, wished him to retire out of the house. Janet says to him.---"Oh! you be gang awa', Duncan, gang awa'!" The man however kept loitering about the door, seemingly impressed with something of great importance. At last he cries to his wife, "You speak a me, Shanet! you speak a me!" The wife asks, "What you say, Duncan?"---"Gie the cummer (the midwife) a dram, Shanet, gie the cummer a dram!" ---"What for Duncan?" "Gie the cummer a dram, Shanet an' tell him to mak her a laddie.

DEATH OF A WATCH.

After the battle of Falkirk, in 1746, a Highlandman was observed extracting a gold watch from the fob of an English officer who had been killed. His comrade viewed him with a greedy eye; which the man taking notice of said to him "Tamn you gapin' creedy bitch, gang an' shoot a shentleman for hersel', an' no envie me o' my pit watch. Next morning finding his watch motionless, and meeting his comrade, says to him, "Och! she no be care muckle about a watch, an' you be like mine what will you gie me for her?" The other replied, "I be venture a kinny." "Weel then," said the other, "Shust tak her, an' welcome, for she be die yester night."

LUMP OF OLD WOOD.

An aged man, named Thomas Wood, sitting on a high three footed stool in the gallery of the Old Church of Falkirk, during divine service, happened to fall asleep, tumbled on the floor with a great noise. The preacher stopped, and demanded the reason of the noise. "Nothing, Sir," cries a wag, "But a lump of Old Wood fallen down."

SCOTCH PARROT.

A Parrot perched upon a pole at a cottage door, basking itself in the sun, was observed by a rapacious Hawk which happened to be passing over it, and suddenly dived down and seized poor Poll by the back, away the Hawk flew with his prey; when passing over the garden, Polly observed his old friend the Gardener, and exclaimed, I'm ridin' noo, John Laurie: Hawky alarmed at hearing a voice so near, darted into a tree for safety, when, after recovering a little, commenced to devour poor Poll, when it roared out with all its might, "will you bite you b------." The Hawk terrified out of its wits, flew off with a birr, leaving Poll to proceed homewards at pleasure.

LONG CREDIT.

Soon after the battle of Preston, two Highlanders, in roaming through the south of Mid-Lothian, entered the farm-house of Swanston, near the Pentland Hills, where they found no one at home but an old woman. They immediately proceeded to search the house, and soon finding a web of coarse home-spun cloth, made no scruple to unroll and cut off as much as they thought would make a coat to each. The woman

was exceedingly incenced at their rapacity, roared and cried, and even had the hardihood to invoke divine vengeance upon their heads. "Ye villians!" she cried, "ye'll ha'e to account for this yet!"---"And when will we pe account for't?" asked one of the Highlanders.---"At the last day, ye blackguards!" exclaimed the woman. "Ta last tay!" replied the Highlander; "Tat pe good long credit---we'll e'en pe tak a waistcoat too!" at the same time cutting off a few additional yards of the cloth.

A BRUSH FOR THE BARBER.

A Highlander who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop in Glasgow, a few days since to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and after having shaved him, asked the price of it; "Twopence," said the highlander; "No, no," said the barber, "I'll give you a penny, if that does not satisfy you, take your broom again." The Highlander took it, and asked what he had got to pay? "A penny," said Strap. "I'll gi'e ye a baubee," said Duncan, "an if that dinna satisfy ye, put on my beard again."

HOW TO FIND WORK.

A Slater being employed by a gentleman

to repair his house in the country, took along with him a Prentice: when they set to work, and continued to work for some days, the gentleman having no conception the job was to be of such duration, came out one morning, and found the apprentice at work alone, when he expressed himself as surprised at the continuation of them working so long, and enquired what had become of his master: to which the boy replied, "that he's awa to Glasgow to look for a Job, and if he got ane, this ane would be done the morn, and if he didna get ane, he didna ken when it would be done."

DONALD AND THE LAIRD.

A Scottish Laird and his man, Donald, travelling southward: at the first English inn, the room in where they were to sleep, containing a bed for the master and a truckle for the man, which drew forth from beneath the larger couch. Such furniture being new to the Highlanders, they mistook the four posted pavilion for the two beds, and the Laird mounted the tester, while the man occupied the comfortable lodging below. Finding himself wretchedly cold in the night, the Laird called to Donald to know how he was accommodated. "Ne'er sae weel a' my life," quoth the gilly. Ha,

man, exclaimed the Laird, "If it was na for the honour of the thing, I could find in my heart to come down."

GRAVE-DIGGER OF SORN.

The Grave-Digger of Sorn, Ayrshire, was as selfish and as mean a sinner as ever handled mattock, or carried mortcloth. He was a very quarrelous and discontented old man, with a voice like the whistle of the wind thro' a key hole. On a bleak Sunday afternoon in the country, an acquaintance from a neighbouring parish accosted him one day, and asked how the world was moving with him, "Oh, very puirly, sir, very puirly indeed," was the answer, "the yard has done naething ava for us this Summer, if ye like to believe me, I havna buriet a leevin' soul this sax weeks."

EXPENCE OF A WIFE.

An old bachelor who lived in a very economical style, both as regards food and clothing, and not altogether so very trig as some bachelors sometimes appear, was frequently attacked by his acquaintances on the propriety of taking a wife; he was very smartly set upon one day, and told how good a wife would keep him, and many other fine things to induce him to take a

wife, and among the rest, what a comfort it would be to him, if it was for nothing else, but to mak his puritch in the morning; says he, "I dinna doubt but she wad mak my puritch, put the plauge is, she wad be fair to sup the half o' them."

CHARITY.

A person who resides in the ancient town of Killwinning, proverbial for his liberality in meat and drink, to friends and acquaintances; strangers too, seldom passed without experiencing a due share of his kindness; lately while feasting nearly a dozen of random visitors on "Pat Luck," a beggar called at the door soliciting charity, when he very good humouredly called out, "I canna help you the day, I hae plenty o' your kin here already."

DISTINCTION OF SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

About the year thretty-sax, a company differed, "Whether it was better for a man to hae sons or daughters?" They cou'dna gree, but disputed it pro and con. At last, one of them said to Graham of Kinross, (wha hadna yoked wi' them in the argument,) "Laird, what's your opinion?" Quo he, "I had three lads and three lasses; I watna whilk o' them I liked best sae lang

as they sucket their mither; but de'il hae my share o' the callants, when they came to suck their father."

BIRD'S NEST.

The mother of a respectable Grocer in a town in the west, called her son to her, while on her death-bed, and declared to him that his reputed father was not really his father; but that such a one (nameing him) really was his father; and that the deed was done one night while journeying from Greenock, when at the Clun-Brae-Head; this story got wing, and ran through the town like wildfire, and was a fine source of amusement for some time. One day, a boy vulgarly named the "Linty," went into the said Grocer's shop to purchase some article, when he was assailed with "Weel," Linty, whar is tu gaun to big thy nest the year?" The boy replied, "I was thinkin' to big it down about the Clun-Brae-head."

THE GREAT WANT.

A female pauper, lately made a very strong and forcible appeal to the elders and heritors of a certain parish, for an advance of 4s. 6d.---Some one of the grave quorum enquired what made her so urgent on this occasion, when she had lately got a supply

of coals, shoes, &c., to this she replied—"Why, deed sirs, it's just to buy a pair o' corsets to my daughter Tibboc, ilk lass that's ocht respectable has them but hersel', so ye see she canna do wantin them, an' ye maun e'en let me ha't sirs."

CAPTAIN SILK.

In a party of ladies, on it being reported that a Captain Silks had arrived in town, they exclaimed, with one exception, 'What a name for a soldier!' 'The fittest name in the world,' replied a witty female, 'for Silk never can be Worsted!'

MARCH OF INTELLECT.

Two country carters, passing the entrance to the Arcade, Argyll street, Glasgow, observed painted on the wall, "No Dogs to enter here." "No Dogs to enter here!" exclaimed one of them, "I'm sure there's nae use for that there." "What way, Jock," replied the other. "'Cause dogs canna read signs," said he. "Ha, ha, Jock, ye're maybe wrang, I'se warran ye gentle folk's dogs 'ill ken't brawley, for there's schools, noo, whar they learn the dumb baith to read an' speak."

HOW TO READ A SIGN-BOARD.

A Highland Drover passing through a certain town, noticed a Sign-board above an entry, with the following inscription:

Green Teas, Raw Sugars, Marmalades, Jellies, Capped Biscuits, and all sorts of Confectionary Goods, sold down this entry.

read it as follows:---

Green Trees, Raw Sodgers, Mermaids, Jades, Scabbed Bitches, and all sorts of Confusionary Goods, sold down this entry.

ADDITION

A farmer's Son, who had been some time at the university, coming home to visit his father and mother; and being one night with the old folks at supper, on a couple of fowls, he told them, that by the rules of logic and arithmetic, he could prove these two fowls to be three.---"Well, let us hear," said the old man; "Why this," said the scholar, "is one, and this," continued he, "is two, two and one, you know make three." ---"Since ye hae made it out sae weel," answered the old man, "your mother shall hae the first fowl, I'll hae the second, and the third you may keep to yoursell."

FINIS.